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GRIM REAPER

Pvts. Jonathan Inman, left, and Juan Cuellar, Platoon 3099, Company I, ascend the Reaper at Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton, Calif. The 700-foot climb is the last obstacle in the Crucible, the training apex. See picture story, pg. 4. Lance Cpl. Dorian Gardner/Chevron

Depot mourns loss of DI

BY PFC. KAITLYN M. SCARBORO
Chevron staff

Friends and family members held a memorial service in the depot chapel Aug. 4 for a Company B drill instructor who drowned recently while undergoing water survival instructor training.

Marines from Staff Sgt. Andrew Jason Gonzales' previous unit, Marine Medium Helicopter Squadron 361, 3rd Marine Aircraft Wing, Marine Corps Air Station Miramar, Calif., also attended the service.

Uniformed attendees filled the chapel, which seats 200 people. Marines lined the walls in columns as more Marines stood outside during the ceremony.

Lt. Col. Scott Blankenship, 1st Recruit Training Battalion commanding officer, gave the welcome address followed by the national anthem. Lt. Cmdr. James West, 1st Bn. chaplain, delivered the invocation.

Friends Staff Sgt. Colin M. Cooper, from the drill field, and Staff Sgt. Michael A. Hernandez from Miramar,

spoke of fond memories.

The weekend before Gonzales' death, Hernandez pulled a Miramar unit coin from his pocket it trade Gonzales for a depot coin. Gonzales was so excited about the Miramar coin that Hernandez gave it to him without trade. Hernandez referred to it as the last token of their friendship.

Cmdr. Michael G. Mueller, Recruit Training Regiment chaplain, gave a prayer. Company B's first sergeant, 1st Sgt. Shaun P. Slattery, called his company to attention and called roll until Gonzales was recognized as not present. Co. B Marines were then asked to pay their respects to their fallen comrade.

The ceremony concluded with the playing of Taps and a benediction given by Mueller.

Coroners pronounced Gonzales dead Aug. 1 at 7:36 a.m., after being transported from the Parke Hall water survival training facility here to Scripps Mercy Hospital nearby, according to depot officials.

Gonzales is survived by his wife

Michelle, who also attended the ceremony.

Gonzales' viewing was Sunday at Brookside Memorial Park, and his interment was Monday at the Houston National Cemetery, said 1st Lt. Rich Vallee, the casual assistance calls officer and funeral coordinator.



Company B drill instructors mourn for Staff Sgt. Andrew Jason Gonzales, who drowned Aug. 1. Pfc. Kaitlyn M. Scarboro/Chevron

Marines show off at beach games, reach out to extreme sports fans

BY SGT. M. TRENT LOWRY
Contributing writer

The combination of clear, sunny skies and cool ocean breezes provided perfect weather for the final days of the Bank of the West Beach Games, featuring the Honda U.S. Open of Surfing championships, at the Huntington Beach Pier.

Though qualifying began July 22, the championship heats for the U.S. Open were July 28-31. The Marine recruiters from Recruiting Substation Costa Mesa, Calif., brought the Chin-Up Challenge to the crowd in the final weekend, estimated by the Orange County Register to be more than 100,000 people each day.

In addition to surfing, the Bank of the West Beach Games was a forum for other sports, including beach volleyball, BMX freestyle, skateboarding, and motocross freestyle. There was also a main stage for rock bands to perform and an international village of merchants selling surf and skate equipment and accessories.

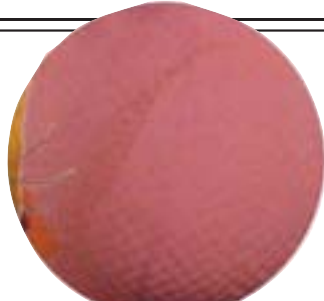
Set up in a 10-by-20 foot booth adjacent to the Karch Kiraly Invitational beach volleyball court and near the Soul Bowl – the kidney-shaped above-ground pit for more creative freestyle BMX and skateboard action than a typical half-pipe – the Marines were quite the attraction. They hosted thousands of young men and women as they tested their strength in pull-up and flexed-arm hang.

"This is good exposure for the Marine Corps," said Gunnery Sgt. Stacey McGowan, staff noncommissioned officer-in-charge of RSS Costa Mesa. "This is a very fit, very age-qualified group of young people."

An added attraction at the Marine booth was a surfboard – complete with "Marines" on the rail and an eagle, globe and anchor on the nose of the board – that was given away in a raffle.

"I'm just ecstatic," said Kyle Barnes, 23, a Huntington Beach resident whose 21 pull-ups entered him into the surfboard contest. "I saw the pull-up bar and knew that I could do them, but it seems like a one-in-a-million shot of winning the surfboard."

SEE **Beach**, pg. 2



DODGE, DIP, DUCK, DIVE

Pendleton derails depot in tourney

8



OUT OF AFRICA

New Marine fled civil war and made a new life in the Corps

7

Depot hosts regional tourney

BY PFC. CHARLIE CHAVEZ
Chevron staff

The depot played host to the West Coast Regional Men's Softball tournament Monday through Thursday at Beeson Field. Seven teams from West Coast Marine Corps installations competed in a round robin, single-elimination tournament. Last year, the tournament was at Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center Twentynine Palms, Calif., and players welcomed the change of scenery and temperature that comes with a visit to San Diego.

"The weather is definitely not as hot as Twentynine Palms,"

said Marine Corps Air Station Miramar's coach Chief Warrant Officer Scott Alvey. This year showed a smaller turnout than in past years, as operational commitments prevented Marines from playing in the tournament. "Camp Pendleton usually has three teams show up. This year they only have one," said Gunnery Sgt. Antonio Manzano, the depot's team captain. "Deployments definitely affect everyone, but you just deal with it." Finals were yesterday at Beeson Field. For more tournament information, call depot intramural sports coordinator Rachel Dickinson at (619) 524-0548.



Gunnery Sgt. Jesse C. Everson, depot second baseman, targets a pitch. His fly ball was caught in right field. Pfc. Charlie Chavez/Chevron photos



Sgt. Joseph P. Reney, depot shortstop, sends a bullet to first base Aug. 9.

Beach, from pg. 1

The odds were a little better than that, but the opportunity to win the board was incentive for the contestants to provide current information on their event cards, according to McGowan. "A lot of the kids in this group would have done the pull-ups anyway, since most of them are fairly clean cut and look like they like to work out a lot, but we could get better leads from the cards because of the attraction of the surfboard," McGowan said. This was the first year that the Marines attended at the U.S. Open of Surfing, but it will likely not be the last.

"I saw this event last year and saw we were missing out on an awesome opportunity to be in front of our target audience," said Capt. Neil Ruggiero, executive officer of Recruiting Station Orange County. "I don't think this RS will have a more productive event than this, since there are more fit, age-qualified young men and women here, in one place, than any other event I've seen. "The Beach Games are all about fitness and outdoor activities, and I can think of no organization that better exemplifies this than the United States Marine Corps," Ruggiero added. Down at the waterline, professional

surfer Andy Irons of Hawaii beat out crowd-favorite Rob Machado of California in a close competition for the U.S. Open title. The other events in the Beach Games were more for exhibition and the enjoyment of the fans, who uttered gasps and cheered wildly at the exploits of the extreme sports athletes. The crowd appeared to enjoy the activities they observed at the Beach Games, and the Marines of RS Orange were happy to provide them the opportunity to get in on the action too, and to show off a little bit. Lowry is a combat correspondent for the 12th Marine Corps Recruiting District.



Recruiting Substation Costa Mesa took the Chin-Up Challenge to this year's U.S. Open of Surfing in Huntington Beach, Calif. The last weekend of the games recorded more than 100,000 guests per day. Sgt. M. Trent Lowry/12th Marine Corps Recruiting District

BRIEFS

Depot varsity soccer

The depot varsity soccer team is seeking players for the Marine Corps' West Coast Regional Championship Oct. 11-16. In preparation for the championship, players must be able to participate in the Coronado League, starting Aug. 16. A team meeting is scheduled for 11:30 p.m. Tuesday at Hall Field, the depot's soccer field. For more information, contact coach Gunnery Sgt. F. O. Sosa at (619) 524-6697.

Curb conflict, anger, stress

The Family Advocacy Program's prevention and education department is offering separate classes to curb conflict, anger and stress this summer at the Family Service Center in Bldg. 14 West. Participants must register. For more information, call (619) 524-1200 or 524-0465. • A one-hour conflict resolution class Aug. 2 at 1 p.m. will teach how to maintain self-respect and improve character at home and at work. • A one-hour stress management class, Aug. 9 at 1 p.m. will teach how to reverse burnout by evoking relaxation. • A four-part anger management class Aug. 2, 9, 16 and 23, from 2:30 p.m. to 4 p.m. will teach basic techniques on self-control and expression.

USO Night

The United Service Organization is hosts a free dinner every Tuesday night at 6 p.m. Transportation will be provided on all bases and leaves at 5 p.m. For more information and to sign up, call (619) 232-9084 or visit www.asymcascd.org.

Volunteers wanted

The San Diego Armed Services YMCA is looking for volunteers to go to the Polinsky Children's Center Aug. 25, to play basketball and visit with teen boys taken from difficult home lives. For more information and to sign up, please call (619) 232-9084 or e-mail programs@asymcascd.org.

Prevention And Relationship Enhancement Program

A relationship enrichment program is now available in a one-day workshop format here. The next workshop is Aug. 24. Space is limited. The program teaches married and soon-to-be married couples how to communicate effectively and work as a team to preserve and enhance love, commitment and friendship, as well as solve problems and manage disagreements. For more information or to sign-up, please call the MCRD Family Team Building office at (619) 524-0916 or 888-178-3027.

Bayfest 2005

The depot's annual Bayfest is tomorrow from noon to 4 p.m. at the boat-house and marina here. The event features live music, a hypnotist, psychics, face painting, boardwalk food and a beverage garden. All ages are welcome and admission is free. For more information, call Marine Corps Community Services at (619) 725-6400.

SEND BRIEFS TO: jess.levens@usmc.mil. The Chevron staff reserves the right to publish only those briefs that comply with Department of Defense regulations and the standards of the U.S. Government.

Females can 'hang with big dogs'

BY PFC. KAITLYN M. SCARBORO
Chevron staff

I'm a new female face on a relatively small, male-dominant training facility, so I expected a slight bit of curiosity from the male Marines I would see on base daily. As a female, my recruit training schedule was the same. I'll admit the scheduled physical training sessions were adjusted to fit the particular needs of my body, as did the food served in the female-specific chow hall and the style of my service uniforms. My drill instructors corrected me the way any male recruit was corrected for making a mistake. I marched to chow and carried the same weight the same distance through the Crucible, and the entire platoon was yelled at on a regular basis. But the differences between male and female Marines aren't apparent at boot camp. It isn't until a Marine gets to the fleet that the lacking y-chromosome becomes truly significant. Some would say being a female isn't hard. Just like boot camp, it takes nothing more than determination to be the best. I once heard that the Marine Corps is a boys club. Sometimes for a female to be equal, she has to work 10 times as hard. Being a female Marine isn't any different than being a male when it comes to mental and emotional expectations. No one expects me to do 20 pull-ups or show up to work with a fresh, clean shave, but it is expected of me to do everything in my power to stay fit and strong

and prepared for mission accomplishment. The Marine Corps expects me to be no less Marine-like than anyone else. On the other hand, some civilians expect me to be no less than God-like for being able to make it through such rigorous training. My boyfriend and I sat with his father two weeks before we both prepared to ship to boot camp. His father told me he knew his son would make it through boot camp – he had no doubts about it. He said I am one of the most courageous and crazy girls he's ever met to even consider trying to accomplish the same thing as his six-foot, one-inch, 200-pound son. That made his respect for me even stronger. Female Marines are rare, and they are easily identified. Females make up six percent of the Corps, according to the 2005 USMC Concepts and Programs guide, and female Marines make up .72 percent of the military as a whole. Yes, there is a decimal before the 72. The fact that there are so few of us out there makes it hard to dispute the reputation created for us by other people. Throughout training, it is drilled into every woman's mind that she can't give in. The moment she cries, gets injured or can't complete an obstacle as well as the next guy, she will forever be branded as the "typical female." Being thought of as typical is hard to control and even harder to overcome. Being a female comes with daily challenges many guys can't seem to understand. Civilians misjudge your strength and find you scary or unattractive because Marines are exemplified as being extraordinary. But after a while, you get used to it and the daily obstacle

becomes commonplace and goes unnoticed. It's just another obstacle to overcome before the day's mission is complete. There was an obstacle course in boot camp that we used alongside the males. It was, again, drilled into our heads that we had to outperform them when it came time to go through the course. We tried our hardest to be the first ones finished. Little did we realize they didn't need to help each other over the wall because almost every guy was taller than the wall. It also didn't take two guys to drag the 50-pound ammo can because one of them alone could do it. We did use a lot more teamwork when it came down to it. We had to help each other to make it through the course. This is where the term "mission accomplishment" applies. As long as the female can accomplish the mission, what does it matter which way it is done? Oddly enough, we finished the course with time to spare. The platoon sat in formation watching the males return in pairs or broken fire teams of three. Females cannot always do the same things males can; our bodies are just designed differently. Through her own means, a female Marine can always find her way to the same end result – the same mission accomplished. The simple fact is this – I'm a Marine. I earned my uniform the same way every other Marine did. I learned in boot camp how to keep my chin up, and it's a lesson that will stay with me my entire Marine Corps career. Trust me, I can hang with the big dogs.

Strange encounter blossoms pride in service

BY CPL. K.A. THOMPSON
Contributing writer

According to his business card, Herbert L. Rives has "No Business, No Plans, No Money, No Worries" and he "Ain't Got Much, Don't Want Much, Ain't Mad at Nobody, Ain't Running for Nothing." But I never would have learned this, nor would I have acquired his card if he had not discovered my current role in life as a United States Marine. I had a hankering for tofu, whole-wheat bread and other weirdo vegetarian food that led me to a large grocery store in Mt. Pleasant, S.C. I am a self-proclaimed food snob and health nut, so I usually make special trips to stores that sell predominantly organic food that can satiate my nuts and berry diet. After filling my hand-basket with my chosen items, I made my way to the check-out aisle and began to unload my goods on the conveyer belt. The lady in front of me was busy purchasing half of the store in change, so I decided to break up the wait by carrying my basket back to its rightful resting place. Why make somebody else do it when I had plenty of time to put it away myself? I squeezed by the lady forking over her mountain of coins, careful not to distract her in mid-count. I added the basket to a plastic stack by the main entrance and made my way back to the checkout line. The trip was only a few feet long, so the woman was still in the process of emptying her piggy bank when I came around the end of the counter. However, there were two new additions to the line that had not been there before my trip. "Where are you from," he growled. It was a statement. Not a question. Obviously, I was not from around the local area because I was incredibly ill-bred; therefore, I must be from up north. "Are you from New York?" "No sir." "Pennsylvania?" "No sir." This went on for quite some time. I didn't bother to try and explain that I was a transient because of the military lifestyle I was raised in. I just let him accuse me of being from somewhere above the Mason-Dixon Line. Eventually, he grew tired of slinging states at me, and he swapped geography for occupation. Obviously I was not in customer service. "What do you do for a living?"

I looked up and found that a stray shopping cart, and a cantankerous-looking old man had blocked the aisle – obstacles that lay between my groceries and me. I attempted to make my way back to my old spot, but before I could situate myself, the old man made eye contact with me, shoved the cart toward my rib cage, and snarled, "Is this your shopping cart?" I could tell by his less-than-warm tone of voice that what he really meant was, "Hey you jerk, if this is yours then you better move it or I'll go octogenarian ninja on you." After narrowly escaping impalement, I gathered my wits and tried to explain I was not the jerk who left the cart there, and added that I thought it was pretty rude. The angry, aged one did not appear to hear me though. He was already on to the next accusation. "Well sir, I'm a Marine." His toothless jaw dropped. He straightened himself up, and his hard features softened. His eyes glistened a bit, and he reached to grab my hand with both of his. He looked into my eyes and said, "Well, God bless you." He went on to explain that he was retired from the Army. He handed me his business card and told me if I ever needed anything I should contact him. He never did say exactly what he had done in the Army. I'm not sure if he was enlisted or an officer. I only know two things. He served in the Army from June 1942 to July 1973, something I learned from his card, and he loves United States Marines. Directly and indirectly he communicated his love for us as a branch of the service. I witnessed a potentially ugly episode change to a beautiful encounter with a living and breathing representative of armed forces history. All of this because of one word – Marine. I finished checking out and paying for my groceries, and we exchanged goodbyes and well wishes. Then I took the abandoned shopping cart and made my way toward the exit. As I walked away, I could hear the pride in the man's voice as he told the cashier, "You see that girl? She's a Marine." I glanced down at the card in my hand. My eyes focused on the final line of Mr. Rives' business card. In bold letters it stated: "God Loves You and so Do I." I couldn't help but smile as I stepped into the steam bath of the Low Country summer, and made my way through the parking lot. I climbed into my car, put the

key in the ignition and pulled away. As I drove down the road, I began replaying the grocery store scene in my head. It may have put a smile on my face at first, but the true meaning of the encounter made a real impact after watching the mental re-run. I considered the old man and the metamorphosis I had witnessed. Initially, he appeared to be a sour and surly curmudgeon, barking accusations at me for no reason. I'm not sure exactly what had set him off besides a stray buggy. He carried on about upbringing, geography and generations. Perhaps he thought we had no common bond. He continued down his list of grievances, and stopped in his tracks when he came to occupation. He must have expected me to be a couch-surfing, lazy bum of a whippersnapper, and not one of the few and the proud. I think it was mutual service to our country that formed a bond and changed his mind about who I was. He could instantly relate to me, and his clenched fists became open arms because, despite time, branch of service or generational gap, we were brother and sister in our service to our nation. That's not something to take lightly. I still have Rives' card. It's hanging in my shop next to family photos and other random items of memorabilia. Its presence reminds me to hold my shoulders back, walk a little taller and think about the people that came before me. It reminds me, in the simplest way, that I am a United States Marine and serving my country. Thompson is a combat correspondent at Marine Corps Air Station Beaufort, S.C.

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Pfc. Jeremy Eason, guide, Platoon 3099, Company I, leads his platoon up the last hill of the 700-foot Reaper. The Reaper is the largest obstacle recruits face in training on the West Coast, and its completion is a right of passage. Lance Cpl. Dorian Gardner/Chevron photos



Pvt. Timothy Shelton, Platoon 3099, Company I, and his platoon march three miles back to the barracks and a warrior's breakfast, the first hot meal in a few days, awaits them.



Marines from Weapons and Field Training Battalion supply recruits with fruit and sports drinks to fuel them on their climb to the Reaper's peak.

Boots trample the Reaper

BY STAFF SGT. SCOTT DUNN
AND LANCE CPL. DORIAN GARDNER
Chevron staff

Among the coastal hills at Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton, Calif., the Reaper rises from purgatory and ascends toward a promised land where every Marine recruit on the West Coast wants to be.

Each man can see his title from the crest of the Reaper.

At 700 feet, it climbs approximately 150 feet higher than Mount Suribachi, the famed Iwo Jima volcano upon which five Marines and one sailor hoisted the American flag in 1945 during bloody World War II fighting. Though smaller, that volcano's spirit oozes through the Reaper's veins like magma.

Marine Corps Recruit Depot San Diego recruits traditionally contend that by marching together to the summit. They tip the scales in boot camp comparisons with MCRD Parris Island, S.C., which has its own trials but no discerning landmark like the Reaper.

After hiking about seven miles in the Crucible's final hours – culminating the 54-hour severe test of will – recruits approach the Reaper's scythe exhausted and hungry. Sleep and food have been minimal, but a warrior's breakfast sizzles beyond the summit.

Dawn breaks and daylight exposes the challenge ahead: a third of a mile with an average incline of 25 degrees. On paper, the climb draws out like a suspension cable ascending a Golden Gate Bridge tower.

Sports drinks and apples offer pre-climb nourishment as the company first sergeant gives a history lesson on something that took place on a battlefield far away, long ago. This makes the Reaper seem a little smaller.

"This is nothing. It's a hill," said a Company I drill instructor to his platoon waiting at the base. "We don't stop until we reach the top of the hill. We never stop, because there is no top!"

With packs and rifles weighing them down, the company steps off by platoons in one-minute intervals. They stay formed as tight as possible, each man whittling his distance to the top. Hopes dim as the morning fog thickens in the ascent. Pack straps dig deep into shoulders and boots hit the dirt harder. Platoons start to spread out as drill instructors shepherd formations.

A few brief plateaus taunt the climbers until they approach the last stretch and surge to the top.

At the peak, the recruits find pictures of Medal of Honor recipients mounted in wooden frames and drill instructors congratulate the men on their accomplishment. After marching almost 40 miles, the Crucible is over.

With a couple more miles back to garrison, it's all downhill from there.



Company I drill instructors and recruits ascend to the summit of the Reaper at Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton, Calif.



On the Crucible, drill instructors give recruits time to change into a fresh pair of socks and check their feet for any wounds or blisters.

BRAVO COMPANY



MARINE CORPS RECRUIT DEPOT & WESTERN RECRUITING REGION
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BRIG. GEN. J. M. PAXTON JR.
Sergeant Major
SGT. MAJ. F. E. PULLEY

RECRUIT TRAINING REGIMENT
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COL. R. O. SINCLAIR
Sergeant Major
SGT. MAJ. M. L. SHEPARD
Regimental Drill Master
GUNNERY SGT. C. A. WALKER
Parade Adjutant
CAPT. N. P. SHULL
Narrator
STAFF SGT. R. W. MAYFIELD

MARINE BAND SAN DIEGO
Band Officer
CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER E. M. HAYES
Band Master
MASTER SGT. D. W. PRICE

COLOR GUARD
SGT. A. N. DAVISON
SGT. D. R. BELEC
PFC. M. C. PEREZ
PFC. M. R. TURNER

These are America's newest Marines and their leaders at Marine Corps Recruit Depot San Diego. Company B graduates 271 men today:

FIRST RECRUIT TRAINING BATTALION
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Sergeant Major
Sgt. Maj. A. A. Spadaro
Chaplain
Cmdr. M. G. Mueller
Battalion Drill Master
Staff Sgt. L. G. Duranleau

COMPANY B
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Company First Sergeant
1st Sgt. S. P. Slattery

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Series Commander
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Series Gunnery Sergeant
Gunnery Sgt. M. A. Pagan

SERIES 1093
Series Commander
Capt. R. P. Benson

Series Gunnery Sergeant
Gunnery Sgt. J. R. Biggs

PLATOON 1089
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Drill Instructors
Gunnery Sgt. E. P. Ackley
Staff Sgt. M. A. Castaneda
Staff Sgt. M. D. Bass

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Drill Instructors
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Staff Sgt. C. S. Amancio
Staff Sgt. N. M. Lis

Staff Sgt. M. M. Huizar

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Pvt. E. A. Alfaro
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Pfc. C. L. Daniels
Pfc. P. B. Davis
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Pfc. S. S. Eltze
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Pfc. A. R. Franja
*Pfc. J. C. Frazier
Pfc. C. R. Garcia
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Pfc. E. A. Orellanarivera
Pvt. A. Prokop
Pvt. C. A. Ramos
Pfc. D. W. Roberts
Pvt. L. E. Turner

PLATOON 1091
Senior Drill Instructor
Sgt. D. P. Blank
Drill Instructors
Sgt. M. R. Saenz
Sgt. B. L. Henning
Sgt. G. Jaramillo
Sgt. T. R. Talamante

Pvt. N. W. Begick
Pfc. N. A. Borka
Pvt. A. C. Burke
Pvt. J. J. Burns
Pvt. D. Chavarin
Pvt. M. Chavez
Pfc. K. B. Corr
Pvt. R. Delcid
Pvt. D. A. Dickman
Pvt. J. D. Dieringer
Pfc. O. Dominguezramirez
Pfc. A. Dudley
Pfc. J. R. Eckels
Pvt. A. C. Erickson
Pfc. T. J. Fortenberry
Pfc. J. P. Freeman
Pvt. J. A. Galindoleyva
Pfc. S. J. Gillis
Pvt. J. R. Graves
Pvt. G. Gutierrez
Pvt. R. L. Henderson
Pvt. M. L. Herrero
Pvt. D. C. Hill
Pfc. A. W. Hummel
Pfc. S. G. Ihrccke
Pvt. D. M. Johnson
*Pfc. B. S. Kelly
Pvt. E. Ledesma
Pvt. N. J. Manley
Pvt. E. J. Marter
Pvt. D. M. Martinez
Pvt. M. L. Medina
Pfc. A. D. Miller
Pfc. B. K. Miller
Pvt. N. A. Montanez
Pfc. D. B. Northrup
Pfc. M. A. Nufiezornelas
*Pfc. J. I. Paniagua
Pvt. I. M. Price
*Pfc. T. J. Trevino
Pvt. M. H. Walsh

PLATOON 1093
Senior Drill Instructor
Staff Sgt. James E. Schneeweis
Drill Instructors
Staff Sgt. E. E. Buchanan
Staff Sgt. A. M. Jackson
Staff Sgt. R. DeLeon
Staff Sgt. C. Cooper

Pfc. J. H. Ahlbom
Pvt. J. C. Allred
Pfc. D. R. Ayer
Pvt. T. W. Baron
Pvt. C. C. Beckerleg
Pfc. B. J. Berry
Pvt. B. A. Burnette



Pfc. Dustin T. Kuntz, Platoon 1090, Company B, struggles for a third set of pull-ups at a company physical training session. Pfc. Kaitlyn M. Scarboro/Chevron

<p>Platoon 1090 COMPANY HONOR MAN Lance Cpl. B. V. Bissinger Waco, Texas Recruited by Warrant Officer D. E. Pilgrim</p>	<p>Platoon 1094 SERIES HONOR MAN Pfc. D. M. Patch Fort Snelling, Minn. Recruited by Sgt. J. P. Courson</p>	<p>Platoon 1089 PLATOON HONOR MAN Pfc. S. L. Edwards Houston Recruited by Sgt. F. W. Hutto III</p>	<p>Platoon 1091 PLATOON HONOR MAN Pfc. T. J. Treviño Sherwood, Ark. Recruited by Staff Sgt. H. A. Dixon III</p>
<p>Platoon 1093 PLATOON HONOR MAN Pfc. C. B. Nason Oahu, Hawaii Recruited by Staff Sgt. J. P. Arellano</p>	<p>Platoon 1095 PLATOON HONOR MAN Pfc. H. L. Yanko Austin, Texas Recruited by Sgt. B. C. Lucio</p>	<p>Platoon 1093 HIGHEST PFT (300) Pfc. C. B. Nason Oahu, Hawaii Recruited by Staff Sgt. J. P. Arellano</p>	<p>Platoon 1094 HIGH SHOOTER (241) Pvt. D. F. Ybarra Oceanside, Calif. Marksmanship Instructor Staff Sgt. T. Pfisterl</p>

Pvt. M. A. Caballero
Pfc. W. E. Coffman
Pfc. D. L. Cunningham
Pfc. E. David
Pvt. B. J. Downs
*Pfc. J. A. Dubois
Pvt. G. D. Edwards
Pvt. E. T. Fenner
Pvt. J. A. Floresmoreno
Pfc. A. A. Jones
Pvt. R. B. Greenly
Pfc. R. J. Hardmon
Pvt. J. G. Harkey
Pvt. V. D. Maguire
Pvt. N. J. Manzi
Pfc. M. L. McGuire
Pfc. G. W. McNeil IV
Pvt. T. M. Kurina
Pfc. P. J. Lienemann
Pfc. J. W. Lillywhite
Pvt. K. D. Lyons
Pfc. C. K. Macdonald
Pvt. M. R. Miner
Pfc. C. B. Nason
Pvt. M. V. Nelson
Pfc. H. O. Nietovelazquez
*Pfc. L. A. Parker
Pvt. J. D. Perry
Pvt. T. J. Reynolds
Pvt. Z. M. Roberts
Pfc. M. J. Ruelas
Pfc. C. J. Russell
Pfc. K. R. Steck
Pvt. A. C. Swank
Pvt. C. H. Vanscoyk
Pfc. J. D. Voith
Pvt. M. D. Wagener

PLATOON 1094
Senior Drill Instructor
Staff Sgt. E. L. Jones
Drill Instructors
Staff Sgt. N. R. Nofziger
Staff Sgt. D. D. Ketcham
Staff Sgt. A. J. Loftus
Pfc. B. E. Ballard

*Pfc. C. Conley

Pvt. J. L. Davis
Pvt. H. J. Downing Jr.
Pfc. M. Efimoff
Pfc. G. M. Encinas
Pvt. M. A. Freeman
Pvt. I. Gallegos
Pvt. J. D. Hodges
Pvt. D. T. Hoxter
Pvt. A. D. Johnson
Pfc. E. L. Garcia
Pvt. B. W. Kummer
Pvt. R. A. Larkin
Pvt. J. G. Lemley
Pvt. V. D. Maguire
Pvt. N. J. Manzi
Pfc. M. L. McGuire
Pfc. G. W. McNeil IV
Pvt. T. M. Kurina
Pfc. A. R. Meza
Pfc. J. D. Moseley
Pvt. J. N. Motyl
*Pfc. D. M. Patch
Pvt. D. Rodriguez
Pfc. B. A. Ryan
Pvt. B. G. Schofield
*Pfc. J. B. Sewell
Pfc. M. D. Smith
Pfc. N. S. Tabue
Pvt. C. W. Taylor Jr.
Pvt. J. C. Tjaden
Pvt. B. A. Trantham
Pfc. C. B. Traxson
Pfc. J. R. Treece
Pfc. R. S. Ugaldealcazar
Pvt. A. Vanzwoll
Pfc. C. E. Villarino
Pvt. J. M. Wasielewski Jr.
Pfc. D. D. Waters
Pvt. A. J. Wermerson
Pfc. B. C. West
Pvt. S. D. Winfree
Pfc. J. R. Wong
Pvt. D. F. Ybarra

PLATOON 1095
Senior Drill Instructor
Sgt. R. Aguilar
Drill Instructors

*Meritorious promotion

COMPANY CURIOSITIES Here's how men from Bravo Company answered Chevron's questions about their interests and boot camp experiences:

Q: What is the best Meal, Ready to Eat?

Pfc. Benjamin J. Berry
Plainfield , Ill.

A: Cheese Tortellini. I don't really eat meat.

Q: What were the hardest habits to break?

Pvt. Brent A. Burnette
Michigantown, Ind.

A: Smoking cigarettes and slouching.

Q: What was the scariest moment in training?

Pvt. William E. Coffman
Bedford, Texas

A: The first night assault course because of all the booms and rifles going off.

West African immigrant heeds father's words, joins Marines

BY LANCE CPL. DORIAN GARDNER
Chevron staff

"After all the things he has been through, I'm sure he isn't worried about me screaming in his ear," said Staff Sgt. Nathan R. Nofziger, Platoon 1094 drill instructor, about his West African recruit. Private First Class Nimley S. Tabue is one of the 271 recruits to graduate from Company B, but few could say they've been in his shoes. The soft-spoken Liberia native recalls visions of war when thinking back to his native country and the struggles he and his family went through to survive. His parents came from the Krahm tribe, and his mother left to the Groble tribe, an extension of the Krahm. Accord-

ing to Tabue, his parents' tribal differences did not affect his family until a war between the tribes erupted in 1989. "My father refused to kill, so (Krahm rebels) tried to kill him," said Tabue. Tabue remembers fleeing for three days through the country as a child. "We stopped by a river once to get some water," said Tabue, who was with his mother and siblings at the time. "I held my 4-month-old brother in my arms as he died." According to Tabue, his father, Aloysius K. Tabue, traveled to America searching for ways to improve his family's life, and he called home often. "I learned about the Marines from my father," said Tabue. "He would say, 'If you guys come over here, make sure you do

something with your life. The Marines will give you something no other service can.'" Because of the ongoing war around him, school became less of a priority, and Tabue was taken out of school following the second grade. He, along with his mother and sister, came to Chicago to live with his father. At 12 years old, Tabue jumped back into the school swing, but after four years without touching a book, school presented a new challenge. "I forgot how to do math, and my English was bad," said Tabue. "I had to go to school over the summer and take extra classes." After years of extra classes, Tabue's name joined the high school honor roll.

Growing up, the Marine Corps became more of a reality. Tabue had not planned on leaving Chicago, but he remembered what his father had always told him about the Corps. "He told me, 'This is where they separate the men from the boys,'" said Tabue. Adjusting to boot camp was harder than any English class. "When he showed up, he was lost," said Nofziger. "He couldn't accomplish any of the simplest tasks. His (bunk) mate helped him with everything." Tabue agreed: "The first day was horrible. I almost lost my temper when the drill instructor got in my face ... but I told myself it was just a mind game. "I had trouble speaking in third person. Instead of saying 'This recruit requests permission to use the head,' I would say, 'I would like to use the head.' Drill instructors didn't really like that." He didn't do it purposely, but incentive training always followed and he learned, according to Tabue. When the Crucible came, Tabue found his role in the platoon. "He stepped up," said Nofziger. "He wasn't a squad leader, but he acted as one." The only element of training that gave Tabue more trouble than shaking the first-person speech was the Crucible. Tabue said the physical aspects of the Crucible were not as challenging for him as the mental parts were. "We had people arguing among themselves for nothing," said Tabue. "Everybody was giving orders but nobody wanted to lead. Some people don't want to do it, but you got to step up and tell them, 'Hey, we got to get this done.' I am not usually the person to do that." When recruits wanted to bicker about challenges, Tabue stepped up and led, according to Nofziger. Tabue said after Marine Corps recruit training, he'll become a mortarman in the Marine Corps Reserves. And he'll be ready to fight.



Pfc. Nimley S. Tabue, Platoon 1094, Combany B, moved to Chicago from war-torn Liberia as a youth. While in America, Tabue's father told him joining the Marine Corps would change his life for the better. Lance Cpl. Dorian Gardner/Chevron

Col. M. M. Weber
PARADE REVIEWING OFFICER

Colonel Michael M. Weber received a Bachelor of Science Degree from Florida Institute of Technology in May 1978. After completion of Officer Candidate Course in November 1978, he was commissioned a second lieutenant. Upon completion of the Basic School in June 1979, he reported to Basic Engineer Officer Course at Marine Corps Base Camp Lejeune, N.C., and was designated as a combat engineer officer. Weber reported to 3rd Combat Engineer Battalion, 3rd Marine Division in August 1979, where he was assigned duties as platoon commander, adjutant and maintenance management officer. In January 1981, Weber reported to Marine Corps Logistics Base, Barstow, Calif., where he served as depot maintenance quality control officer, Head-



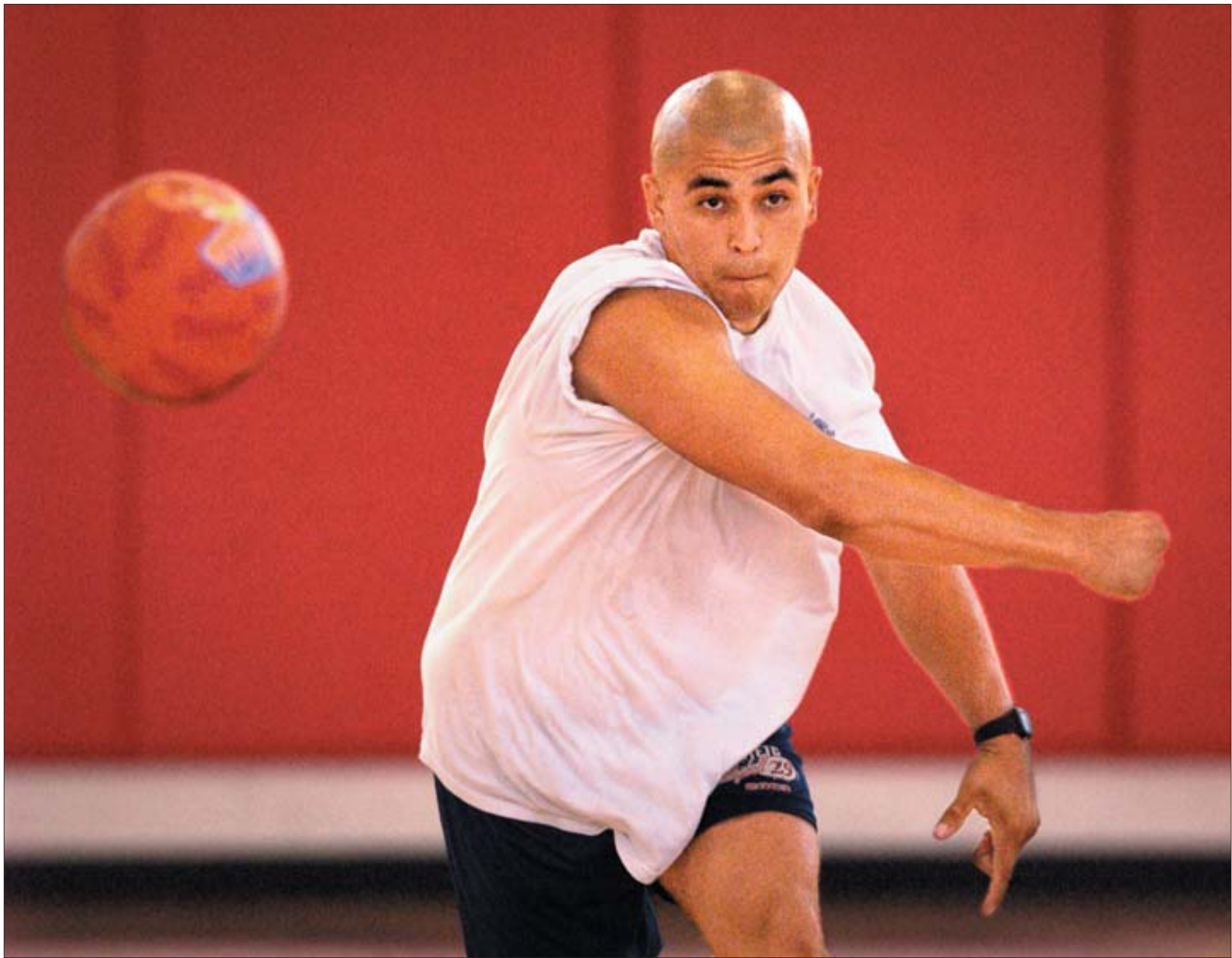
quarters Battalion operations and training, and base facilities officer. Weber reported to 1st Landing Support Battalion, 1st Force Service Support Group, Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton, Calif. in May 1984, where he served as executive officer and company commander, Company C, Headquarters Co. During this tour, Weber served as the landing force support officer for two

Western Pacific deployments for Marine Amphibious Unit Service Support Group, 13th Marine Amphibious Unit. Weber was selected to attend the U.S. Army Advanced Engineer Officer Course in April 1987, at Fort Belvoir, Va. After he completed school, he reported to Marine Wing Support Squadron 274, 2nd Marine Air Wing, Marine Corps Air Station Cherry Point, N.C. He performed duties as the squadron operations and training officer, logistics officer, and squadron engineer officer. Weber was reassigned to the Marine Wing Support Group 27 in July 1989, as the group operations and training officer, and logistics officer.. In September 1990, he reported back to MWSS-274 and was assigned as detachment commander aboard the USS Guam during Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm as part of 4th Marine Expeditionary Brigade operations. Weber's next assignment was

as the Marine Officer Instructor at Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, in July 1991. During this time, he also earned a master's degree in public management. In July 1994, he reported to Marine Corps Systems Command and was assigned as liaison to assistant secretary of the Navy, Acquisition Reform for six months and then reassigned to the Engineer Program Manager as a project officer for bridging, mobile electric power and heavy equipment. Eventually he became the assistant program manager for engineer support equipment. Weber reported to Department of Defense Program Manager, Mobile Electric Power at Fort Belvoir in July 1997, and was assigned as the assistant program manager for research and development. He was selected to and graduated from the Marine Corps War College in Quantico in June 1999. The following two years, he was assigned to the

faculty of the Marine Corps Command and Staff College. In July 2001, Weber reported to United States Forces Japan at Yokota Air Base, Tokyo, Japan. He was assigned duty as the deputy director of logistics for one year, then director for two years. In June 2004, Weber assumed his current billet as director, installation and logistics, Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center, Twenty-nine Palms, Calif. Weber's personal decorations include the Defense Superior Service Medal, Meritorious Service Medal with one star, Navy and Marine Corps Commendation Medal with one star, Army Commendation Medal, Navy and Marine Corps Commendation Achievement Medal and the Order of the Rising Sun from the Government of Japan. Weber is married to the former Susan Loyd of Chickasha, Okla., and has five children, Amanda, Rebekah, Sarah, Maria and Daniel.

DODGEBALL TOURNEY



Sgt. Eduardo Nuño, a Cash Flow player, whizzes a ball at an opponent in a preliminary game at Murphy Field House here. *Staff Sgt. Scott Dunn/Chevron photos*

DODGE CITY

Pendleton’s Cheap Sunglasses reigns supreme in annual dodgeball tourney; Depot eliminated early



Lance Cpl. Neil A. Hamilton, Team Fred, catches a ball to eliminate an opposing player. Fred was winless Saturday.

BY PFC. CHARLIE CHAVEZ
Chevron staff

Marine Corps Base Camp Pendleton’s dodgeball team, Cheap Sunglasses, took first place in the Single Marine Program dodgeball tournament here Saturday.

Representatives from four Marine installations came together for laughs, food, entertainment and competition.

In the first match of the tournament, the Pink Ladies from Marine Corps Air Station Yuma, Ariz., fell to Cheap Sunglasses with first and third game losses.

Cash Flow, a depot team, beat Vatos Locos de CPAC from MCAS Miramar, Calif., in a three-game match. Cash Flow then beat the Pink Ladies in the second round elimination in an exchange of harsh words and questionable referee calls.

Next, Camp Pendleton’s Super POGs (Persons Other Than Grunt) swept Fred, another depot team,

in two games, knocking Fred out of contention.

“There were different rules, which threw us off,” said Lance Cpl. Sean M. Bzdon, a Fred player. “(The Super POGs) were also more motivated to play because they drove further.”

In the next game, Cheap Sunglasses took on Vatos Locos de CPAC for a chance to play Super POGs in the championship. Cheap Sunglasses seized the victory in a tight three-game nailbiter.

Cash Flow got a second chance to play in the championship after beating the Pink Ladies but was owned by Super POGs in a two-game sweep.

“We basically didn’t come out and play our best,” said Lance Cpl Kevin M. Dorris, Cash Flow. “There was definitely some bad sportsmanship too.”

In the championship game, Cheap Sunglasses took first place by eliminating Super POGs with some crafty dipping, diving and dodgeball maneuvers.

SMP plans to make the tourney an annual depot event.